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Beautiful Poem.

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

I pon our hearts most keenly
Had fallen at last the bitter stroke,
The remnant eyes that ever smiled
Slept their long sleep and never woke,
And bowed we were, as if the sun
Upon our heads unshattered broke.

The rest and shadow of our grief
Lay dark upon the future's track,
We knew not that the coming years
With kindly breath should mist it back,
And memory's sun was hidden yet
Behind the mountains cold and black.

Oh, God, from whom our skies come,
Oh, God, whose power takes away!—
The heart of man will bend with grief
Beside the dark earth's common clay,
Or, where had grief a parent, for her
Who aimed to her cradle lay?

The dead and I were left alone
Within the cold and lonely room,
The darkness hung its pale light shed
Over the sleeper in the gloom,
And made the shadows on the wall
Strange shapes and ghastly forms assume.

My brain was wearied and unnerved,
My heart had sunk beneath its weight
Till I repined at God's behest,
And murmured we had taken not
But thought that heaven had done us wrong
To leave us all our desolate.

I prayed—it was an impious prayer,
And yet I prayed with bi-ter breath
That my weak heart might break and hold
The power of Him of Nazareth,
The power to snatch the breath of life,
The might to nerve the hands of death.

I prayed—I slept, and in rest-long
That dead, yet living, mystic power
That had its word or sign of hope
Its strange grave for to despair—
To change the eternal law of God,
And rise to speak! The faithful hour

I slept—and we were not alone
The dead and I; I saw the face
Of the Death-angel, that had known
Had accepted with great the human race,
I saw his tall mysterious form
Filling each area that silent place

Not with the hate and ebullition flow
Which in the world we live beneath,
Not with the pointed poniard,
Not with the fatal and breeding bow
Will the stern one beneath it rolled.

But with a form of holy light
Bedecked by human suffering,
A form of pity and sympathy
With white robes and mellogin wing,
The Messenger of God had been,
For not the Conqueror of the King

"Then wrongful," he said—"one moment hold
The power, or have not treach—'ous done—
Thy spirit is not departed,
My fearful weapon I resign,
Then hear the Gift of Life—I—recall
The doom at which Thou wouldst repine."

I grasped the word and forward sprung
With hope—to fly and leave my—
But calmly on my shoulder pressed
His finger—and spoke—
"Lenox fear," he said, "what thou wouldst do,
Send first the book of human fate

"Dost the—deep and bitter sin?
Died she with no eternal trust?
Scourged to the bour of doom and death,
Dost only turning unto Him?"
Then knowest—"—what she was prone,
Thou knowest her soul is with the just."

I bet Thom, for her, never happy land,
And knew that God was merciful,
Entered out, by more than mortal hand,
From that cruel and blackening sin I rose,
Where Wore's book would not let be more,
Where Thou wouldst not—"—Time!"

"There is no spot, oh mocking shade,
Where unclos the sun of Joy alone,
No spot that sorrow and regret
Affection's wail and sorrow's moan,
No spot, beneath the breadth of Heaven,
Where winter winds are never blown.

"The trees we plant with cheerful hands,
The flowers we nurture in our bowers,
Forget their blooms and for the snow
Cousin down with their showers,
Our truest mourns are dimly grown
Before the early night appears.

"Our voyages on the summer sea
Are ended when the tempests blow,
And hearts, that were both true and fortune change
As heat the rough waters to and fro,
And those—oh, most of all—we might,
Sin had not dead who lies so low."

"What had they done, then," the reproof said,
"To merit returning souls again?
What can it them give for Heaven's own rest
Who sinned and others present?"
"What is the good for all the last,
But for the future, tell me with a—"Mo

I hear the storms of the world,
I am the mirror of mankind,
Partaking only more by the world,
The work of love by God assigned.
I am no lord of a fiend,
And cursed by passion, dark and blind

I smote but when the Master wills,
Against the balance of my power
Set all that weighs in human ills,
And pause, before the heart of man
Measures the deed or hour by hour.

"The sun is fallen—of those eyes
Can gazes in the world no more,
If there come tears her soul from sin,
Make the path to regeneration,
Her tears of life shall roll again,
And only with the span fail

"The sun is fallen—of the land
Of the great God in falling line,
She stepped with the dead the—
Of Heaven shut burst upon her eyes.
Now, if thou will, thou canst her side,
And say unto the dead "Arise!"

Still for the last the burning tears
From off the cold brow wiped my hand,
But how before the Messenger
I bowed with sorrow for the lay dead.
Take back thy fearful coupon now,
Take back the Gift of Life," I said.

No more, oh God, let us repine
Our closing tomb and shrouded urn,
Teach us that in the grave is rest,
More bright the mom of love shall burn,
Teach us in that sleep to trust,
But pour no more for their return.

LUTHER AS DANCER.—In a life of Martin Luther, by M. Audin—an elegant French writer, the following anecdote is given in regard to the great Reformer:—

"In dancing mood?" his disciples asked him. He replied, "Was not dancing allowed the Jews? I am not able to say; but one thing is certain—people dance now as they did then, with a sword at their side. Give them with women, and like dancers or supper. I confess I do not feel any how dancing can be prohibited. If people commit sin, it is not the fault of the dance, which does not offend against faith or charity. Dance, then, my children."

TO TEACH THE MASS.—There is a large proportion of the public schools—pardon us there more than anything else; who require to have an argument shivalred on their notice many hours before they can be brought to attend to it, and make familiar to them before they fully comprehend it. It is only from the intelligent, excited, and attentive, that no error can be at once pulled up by the roots; with the grandchild, the process must be like that of the backwoodsman in extirpating trees, which he first cuts, and then trys to get, pulls off the shoots as they spring up, till the stump dies and decays, after which he pulls it up.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

"She is all simplicity;
A creature meek and mild,
Through on the eve of womanhood
In sense a very child.
She dwells among us like a star,
The rose is on her cheek,
Looks down, yet gathers not a stain
From sight it owes in this."
Mrs. Welby.

THERE was going to be another great day at Heath Hall—a breaking, a dinner and ball. It was Haggar's will, and of course no one thought of opposing it. Cattle in their hundreds, sheep in their thousands, and ghastly forms assume.

Cumbe swore in her wrath that before she would stay and cook for another such a "wedder," she would be found in—"Nay, nay—Cumbock, no anger—thought and dialect, expresses the very extremity of perdition." It was a great day at Heath Hall—the breakfast table was set out under the shade between the rows of poplar trees, and it was laid set with the delicacies of the season, the peculiar delicacies of that favored neighborhood, game killed the day before, fish, oysters and soft crabs caught that morning, &c., &c., &c. All the county, and indeed Captain Wilde were there, and breakfast the company dispersed and wandered over the house, or grounds, or rowed out upon the bay at will.

Haggar, Raymond, Sophie and Captain Wilde were grouped upon the point of the promontory.—The captain occasionally swept the whole expanse of the bay within range of the telescope he had to his eye, and dropped it with a sigh and a shake of the head. There was no sail in sight.

"Here they were, Mrs. Wilkes?"

"No," said Sophie, "not since Gusty left—we did not expect her—we expected them to have come home with all possible expedition—oh, I grow uneasy!"

"Nay, do not be anxious, Sophie," exclaimed Haggar, "if anything had happened you know that Gusty would have sent word."

"But I have been so fearful ever since that week," sighed Sophie, and shook her head.

"That is one reason why I am not anxious," said Haggar. "I know that had a wreck occurred things do not occur frequently—that wreck will do for the next three or four years."

"Which of the Misses Stephenson was now strutting up the promontory from the hall—he was Sophie, and looking for the bell to say that of a salutation, said.

"Mrs. Wilkes—madam, dere is an 'rival at de Hall, and Mrs. Buncombe, she 'quests you to come down."

An arrival—have they breakfasted—who is it? Mrs. Green?"

"It is Miss Aguilar and Mr. May, madam!"

"Rosalia and Gusty!—why did you not say so before, you stupid fellow? Run down and tell them they have come, Sophie? They must have stopped there the day. How did they come, Tarquin?"

"In de pooky—Miss Rose, she 'kind of water."

"In the yacht, I know!" said Haggar, "I knew it was some of Rosalia's cowardice and selfishness that has given you all this uneasiness, Sophie!"

But Sophie was not hearing us, too happy to speak, for too happy.

They reached the Hall.

"Where is Rosalia? Where is she?" inquired Sophie, anxiously, hurrying along in front of her party.

"In her chamber, changing her travelling dress to go in—I—I—" said Gusty, and Emily, at the same moment starting from her side, Gusty May sprung forward with strange gayety to his manners, considering what we know of his true character, and grasped Sophie's hand, and then Haggar's, and then Raymond's, and then Captain Wilde's, shaking them all emphatically, joyously, and saying after every shake, and not explaining that he and Miss Aguilar had had a delightful evening, and a pic-nic dance, because Rosalia was afraid of the water, &c., &c.

Sophie paused up stairs, and Haggar—who was to follow her in a moment—stood with a "Miss Gauthier Grove" expected in no very sentimental tone, she stood with her hand upon the door, and very softly fell upon her own ear thus.

Sophie paused up stairs, and opened the door of Rosalia's dressing room, and by a single instant's glimpse of this beautiful picture. The lovely girl reposed in a large arm-chair, her pale gold wavy hair, parted above her fair brow, floated down her blue veined temples, her head was thrown back, and her throat—down the tender undulations of her dress, like throat and bosom, and flowed upon the soft white muslin that covered them. As the door opened and Sophie flew towards her, she arose and dropped in her arms, and then clasped her arms around Sophie's neck, the golden hair overflowing her, her soft form folded to her heart—then, with her head resting against her heart, the warm lips pressed to her lips, and tears of joy slowly fell.

"My love, my baby, my dove-eyed darling, welcome home!" she said, pressing her again and again to her bosom. "Oh! is it possible that now I shall have you always with me—to see you as much as I please, to kiss you just as much as I please, to kiss you! oh! my dove! my darling! my own! my own! how can love, Rose? Are you well? are you much tired? Are you glad to be with me? Come to the window and let me take a good look at you," and Sophie drew her to the window, held her off and gazed upon her features—as if she could have gratified it up, and opening her arms folded her again in a fond embrace—"Rosalia, oh! my child, my nursling, you are so like. Look at me, Rose—look at me, my darling! How those eyes of mine, and how—something tenderness!" Then she sat down on the lounge, and drawing Rose to her side, pressed her head upon her breast, and said, looking down in her face lovingly, "I was going to say that Rosalia is exactly what I married to me whom I love, and who loves me above all things."

Rose's countenance started, dilated, and then softened as she murmured, "And he loves you?"

"Yes."

"And you love him?"

"Yes, darling."

Rose stole her hands up around Sophie's, and kissed her, exclaiming softly, "Oh! I am so glad, glad, glad, dear Sophie!"

They were both silent, because Rose was bending down and kissing her, holding both her hands and gazing lovingly up into her face. At last she inquired,

"And is he gentle and kind—in a word, is he good?"

"Very good, my little love."

"And handsome?"

Sophie smilingly replied, "I think so, darling."

"Is he young?"

"Well—"

"How young?"

"Thirty!"

"Oh! that is old!"

"Why, so it is, and, darling—except in the sentiments and manners!"

"And Haggar is married—how funny!—and—how serious. What makes one feel so differently about your marriage and about Haggar's, Sophie? Your marriage—the idea of it fills me with still religious joy, like church music swelling from the deep-toned organ, echoing through the lofty arches and filling one's soul full of love and awe, tempered by faith. But Haggar's marriage affects me like martial music that attends the troops to their embarkation—inspiring, animating, but sad, but painful. Now, why is this—why does my heart fill and overflow my eyes, when I think of Haggar's being a wife; surely it is a happy destiny; and why, tell me why, when I see you happy and moving to say my prayers, it comes into my head to pray as—as—my dear daughter! Sophie, how do I weep now that Haggar is a happy bride? is she a happy bride, is she not?"

"Just as happy as I am!"

"She should be."

"Then why do I feel so?"

"I do not know, my love; possibly you feel that Haggar is too wild to make a quiet wife, too fierce to make a tender one, and too self-willed to become a complying one; while on the other hand you rest on the sweetness that I am sober and commonplace enough to make a quiet domestic comfortable."

"No—that is not it—I never studied that much in my whole life. But how do you feel about it, Sophie?"

"My love, I had some of your forebodings—but I had a better reason than instinct for them—and that was because I knew Haggar. Haggar is natured by will, fierce, self-willed, and accustomed to have his own way in everything. I am sober and commonplace enough to make a quiet domestic comfortable."

"Oh! no, you know, never. Is he like that?"

"The very opposite, in many things."

"Then I am glad, Sophie, now please send Haggar to me. I want to see Haggar so much—but stay! perhaps Haggar might think it ought to go to Aunt Cumbe first, and that I want so much for her to see me so proud! But tell her, Sophie, that I am not—and that I want so much for her to see me so happy! Tell her, Sophie, that I am those strangers."

And Sophie pressed her hands and withdrew from the room.

Soon after the door was thrown quickly open, and Haggar sprung over her cousin's neck, half clasping her soft shoulders in the wire-like embrace of her steel arms, and kissing her head between over the hair, the blue black ringlets glittered against the pale gold, and the dove-eyes looked and cheek met the pale rose-tinted face an instant and then she was released.

"So, Haggar, you are married! dear me, how queer! is it not? Why, Haggar, you don't look at all different—you look just like a married woman." And Rose got up and stood by her, and took her hand affectionately and looked up merrily in her face—"Haggar, you are not changed. Is not a married woman, Mrs. Withers? goodness! do they call you Mrs. Withers, Haggar? and do you always remember to answer to that name; and how do you like being married and having a husband, Mrs. Withers, I mean? Don't turn your head away from me, Haggar, and laugh and look down and glance and flash from under your eye lashes and open upper lip; and—Oh! I see you are laughing at me! it is no laughing matter; I feel it as most of the time when I think of it. Oh! Haggar, my only dear cousin! and I have to pray for your happiness morning and evening!"

"Thank you, Rose!"

"Now, tell me about Raymond—he is young, handsome, graceful, accomplished and all that; but tell me, my dear cousin—"

"Should I why do you ask, Rosalia? Guess! guess how, and—and—I will not answer you!"

"Yes, I know—I asked because—I may say it to you without blame now, Haggar—because his *father* was not gentle, you know—and—and—I sometimes have fears that his son will be stern with me, Haggar," and her soft eyes were suffused.

"Rose, you are a little fool!" said Haggar, her eyes in sweeting gentleness sometimes gentle as strength, gentle voice, gentle manners more true outside, more essentially enslaving, than coldness, roughness, violence could be," and the dark girl's head was drawn forward from her cousin's shoulder laid down on its breast.

"What is your husband's name, dear Haggar, what do you mean?"

"Nothing! I mean that it is time for you to come and come down—and I mean that you must not ask me any more questions. Come, let me look at you—how beautiful you are, and—but no matter, I fear I should make a failure in the essay; and you must not look at me, for I am afraid that A negro girl came in, and with her assistance the toilet of Rosalia was soon made. Her golden hair was wrought in ringlets, her dress was a light blue silk; her feet and arms were bare, and her head was crowned with a pearl necklace. Haggar wore a black lace dress. Now, as Haggar clasped her hand to conduct her down stairs, and her's standing with her before the mirror, nothing could have been more unlike in intimate time, she stood with her own feet, her own hands, her own head.

"Come, now, let us go down into the drawing-room, Rose."

"Come see here, dear Haggar, I must go in the kitchen, and see Aunt Cumbe first—I know she will have so much to say to me, I feel it."

"But, my dear—"

"Now, please, please me, dear Haggar—for pet old Cumbe, you know, we must not slight her because she is old and—no, we must not slight her, and looking pleadingly at Haggar, she pressed out thearly before her, and shut down the back stairs. Haggar followed her. They went through an old door, and entering a corridor to avoid meeting any one, came into the kitchen.

Now the hurry and grumbling over her culinary operations before the fire, as Rose stood in her dressing headdress and dress.

"Aunt Cumbe, how do you do?" said she, springing forward. "Oh! the words I have come to say to you have dropped into and past, and turning around gazed 37 her through blood and tears.

"Oh! my darlin', darlin', don't you know me? It's me—Rose," said she, going and taking the black hand between her own and kissing it.

"Oh, it's my baby! it's my baby! it's my baby! and she has come back to me! and she has not been standing with her before the mirror, nothing could have been more unlike in intimate time, she stood with her own feet, her own hands, her own head

"Yes, indeed I do, Susy."

"You love me, forever, Rose?"

"Yes, indeed I do, Susy—the angels know I do."

"Then why not marry me, my sweet love?"

"Be-Cause, I had not as much money yer as you, and could not do for you as I ought to do."

"Good Heavens!—my darling, Providence! *Amor Auri* and to tell me here of *auri sacra fames!* cried Susy, rising upon to his knees, and making his supplication.

The girl grew pale, and keenly sensitized—

"Well, well! maybe it I was obliged to marry, I would marry a rich man, Susy, but I'll be hanged if I'll marry a poor one. I'll marry a rich man with all my soul—and—and—I feel like telling him so yer self also."

And he now, indeed, that his vicinous had nearly overwhelmed the delicate girl, who was trembling very much. He rode to her saddle here, and said, gently—

"Rosalie, I beg your forgiveness; I have stretched you by my vicinous; the fault is, Rosalie, I have been accustomed in Hagar, who, with reverence be it said, so so rough as to corrupt the manners, so sour as a lemon, and as bitter as an aloes, and she has spoiled me for such gentle society as yours. I never compare yourself, Rosalie, and bear me, and believe me when I say that in you reduce my hand—if you have not been and got to the North—well! perhaps I shall not go mad, or shoot my brains out, or break my heart and die, but I shall be exceedingly unhappy, and I shall never see miserable around me, I know I shall! I begin to feel it now. So, Rosalie, I have to propose to you to break this matter to Sophie, or let me do it, and to beg you that she shall see no improper hasts in the project of our marriage, that you will accept me; Rosalie! you make me walk on pearls, darling!—sure, Rosalie, I may say yes?"

The girl paused, not in reflection, but in hesitation.

"Dearest Rose, you give me so much pain—Rose! Rose!?"

"Do I? I did not mean to."

"What you give a reply, Rose?"

"Wah, Gusty, till I talk to Sophie—but, oh! no, I do not like to, either—it is too queer. You Gusty; you may talk to her—"

"Do you, do you say that, Rose? Tell me! tell me over again, Rose! I may ask your hand—of Sophie and Wide ?"

"Yes," whispered Rose, the blood rising to the edges of her hair.

"Oh, glory hallelujah! God bless you, Rose! God Almighty bless you, Rose. Hey! cried Lightning?" and he sprang to his feet, and through in fact it was not the horse but Master Gusty that was bounding. "There I am flight using you again, Rose! Rose, Rosy, Lightning, I won't you ride on? Sophie will be waiting for us?"

"Yes! you say again Rose," and they cantered on through the forest path. It was the same forest path leading from the road to the plain house so often mentioned in this story. They overtook Sophie Wide and their party. Sophie was horror in thought; she was in fact just passing the spot where she had, eight years before, seen the apparition of the wanderer, and now passing the road for the last time, and under her peculiar circumstances, the fact was forcibly recalled to her mind. Rosalie paused so lovingly in her ride, and kept there during her ride beside her.

Soon after dinner Gusty May found an opportunity of taking Sophie out to enjoy taking known invitation. His embarrassment under all the circumstances of which we are cognizant, you know, was very natural and necessary. Sophie Wide (I have to call her Sophie Wide) was not perhaps the person of all others to consult in such a case; but she, however, vaguely knew upon her mind that a little child might not be considered in the marriage ceremonies of a youth of nineteen with a girl of fifteen and a half—so she said decently that she would—Talk with Captain Wide."

Up sent Gusty, exclaiming—

"Talk with Captain Wide!" "talk with Captain Wide"—you! then it is! that's the tune! talk with Captain Wide! What's Captain Wide to do with it? I asked you, because she assisted you should be consulted, and you are her little mamma—because to me that you should appear unseemly elevated here to the throne. "Captain Wide! he's a great fellow, and he is! Captain Wide's stick's-end! I should just like to hear him object—just stand! Should be surprised though if he didn't. "Talk to Captain Wide!" oh! oh! calmly. She and "Talk to Sophie,' you say "Talk to Captain Wide,' and "talk' to Sophie, Rosamond—and while you are at 'talk'-ing, my prospect of getting a pair of white kid gloves grows."

"Read by degrees and beautifully too!" exclaimed Gusty, darting up and down the paces, and flinging his coat-tails about. "I was best under the impression that I knew I was to be always crossed in love! to be hammered into a pot or something by hard blows! I be hanged if I will. To be put to the rack for ever, and—and—what from me my self, Gusty! you shall not with all health shortly like true to the heart in love! No, I be hanged if I will. Cast me into the furnace and see if I don't turn out to be gunpowder and blow some body up! or spin-gle, and of some use on fire! she's all!" and blowing, he sat down.

"Look here, my dear Gusty," said our bride, "don't talk nonsense. You have a long leave of absence—don't go with us Next. You indeed have the best excuse; you may be said to be in duty bound to go on our procession, and in that capacity you must constantly attend Rosalie, and who knows, you may be appointed to our ship—the set of officers is not yet complete."

"So I may! oh, God bless you, Sophie; it that just goe to think of that! though you may say I am useful as another, or as brilliant as Hagar—yet you are lenient, you are kind, the conjectures are more grander than order of them! anything that is under anybody happy. Say Gusty! I shall not leave it to 'she knows' and 'perhaps,' I shall beg invite to get me appointed to his ship, if he 'at—volence is he! I am going to hunt in the mean time consider me enlisted for that Northern hero's cruise," and off he went to seek Captain Wide.

I leave it to any gentleman or lady present whether it was in Captain Wide's power just that day to look rationally, sensibly, coolly, upon young lover's persons.

"Why, Gusty, my boy," he said, "you know very well that I have very little influence, however I will assert that in securing your appointment to my ship, and, Gusty, in the meantime come on with us and remain until you receive orders somewhere. Rosalie is a treasure, and if I had the power of bestowing her, I am not know to whom I could give her with so much pleasure as yourself. But you must wait, Gusty, for a year or two—you are both somewhat too young to think of the marriage yet a while."

"Why, uncle, that 'wait'-ing might be endurable if the time were passed with you all, and I only company of Rosalie, to be sure."

The arrangement was finally concluded. And Emily, who loved Rosalia, and pondered her above all others as a future daughter-in-law, readily consented to forego the society of her son for the present, merely saying—

"When you marry, if you ever marry Rosalie you must bring her home here and leave her with me while you are at sea, Gusty, and that is the only condition upon which I can consent to part with you, Gusty, for that term."

Of course Gusty consented and promised.

"And so, my little fawn-eyed darling is scarcely out of school, before she is betrothed—do you know the meaning of that word, my love? a contract begins, very seriously, the same afternoon as Rosalie accepted the hand of her lord. Rose dropped her blushing face in the lap of Sophie, and was silent. "Do you?—tell me, Rose."

"Dear Sophie; I feel rather not get married, only, you know, your Gusty, it would be a pity to hurt his feelings."

"You child !"

"But, Sophie, I am not—not betrothed, as you suppose—no, indeed, I gave no positive answer—and I could hear what you would have to say."

"You did not?" said Sophie, suddenly. "Oh then, my dear Rose, I beg—I entreat that you will lend yourself by no rash vows now or ever—you are heartwhole yet—wait—Gusty is going on with the war—you will not wish to go out to sea—and you will both find out whether you are fitted for each other. Will you promise me not to engage your hand now without my consent, Rose?"

"Dear Sophie, to be sure I will—I never once thought of doing otherwise."

This was pretty near for Rose, for her entire inclinations were uninterested in the matter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORMOSA AT PRESENT.—Formosa is at present recently detected arsenic, and proved two children had been poisoned after their bodies had been "sugared" interred. He said, "I give the evidence," with it to be circulated throughout the country, that poets have no effect in ensuring their rights of science. The roots of trees, as large as my little finger, had passed through the head and skeleton, and had followed the bones in all directions. Treating this skeleton of an infant as I did the other. I found arsenic in the bones, in the black mould under the head, and a great quantity in the black mould under the feet. I have never found arsenic in a body which was in a natural state. I mention this to correct the ridiculous notions which have gone abroad, owing to some sayings which have been attributed to the French chemists. Raspail, for instance, it reported to have said that he could produce arsenic from the legs of chairs; Orfila, that he could do so from the common coal. I have made experiments on hundreds of bodies of human beings and brutes, but have never discovered arsenic, unless it had been administered mechanically, or by a criminal purpose.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Although the paper of the annexed article is designed for a local application, it will apply very fitly to other meetings besides that of Virginia.

HOW THE MEETINGS RECORDED.

Proper Meetings of every sort and all collected seemingly in that country for all the "ills" that the State is "heir to," seems to be a public duty. There is no case so desperate that it cannot be benefited by this popular method. Let any thing be wrong, or be said, or be done, or be left undone, concentrate public sentiment, for or, and then you have your end gone forever.

Public meetings short Presidential, and public meetings put them out again. Each side has its public meetings, and the one which has the most and shouts the loudest, is sure of electing its candidate. We have public meetings for temperance, tracts, missionaries, Bibles, &c., in all of which, as in the political world, public influence is wielded and the power of the principle of association tremendously demonstrated.

Not to be behind the times, we have come to regard public meetings as an infallible panacea for all political ills, and dissatisfied of themselves, without anything further, to accomplish the object we have in view. We are especially great Republican meetings in Virginia. Any reform in the way of education, roads, canals, &c., is expected to be achieved by a public meeting, by attending which every one man undoubtedly does his duty, and goes home with a comfortable feeling that he has done his part.

Public meetings are the great safety valves of the agents of his region of country.

For example, if a railroad is wanted in a certain section, and there is a man in the county paper, that, on some court day, there will be an assemblage of the people of the county, to consider the subject of the proposed improvement. Accordingly, when the day arrives, the assemblage is held. It may be a big or it may be a little assemblage, though we confess we have never heard of one which was not "a large and respectable meeting." A chairman and secretary are appointed, and then comes the reading of the resolutions. Those latter always do the business. They are generally long, and are similar to the degeneracy of Virginia; describe the wants of their particular section; declare that, while other sections of the State have been favored with the bounty of the Legislature, they alone have been neglected; and wind up by suggesting that if they do not soon receive Legislative aid, they will withdraw their representation from and secede from the State. A bill at Richmond is usually added, it being a prevalent idea at some public meetings, that Richmond is the sole object of the rest of the Commonwealth, and is altogether opposed to legislative improvements. The meeting then adjourns, and the proceedings committed to the care of a person to transmit to the Richmond papers. Before each one has said that "Hell is paved with good intentions." The improvements in the greater part of Virginia are consigned to pretty much the same condition. If resolutions were railroads, there is no part of Virginia which would not be reached in a few days' ride from the capital.

We have no theory, by these remarks, to disparage or to ridicule the system of public meetings. We do think that they are not the best mode of expression of the wanderer, and now passing the road for the last time, and under less peculiar circumstances, the fact was forcibly recalled to her mind. Rosalie paused so lovingly in her ride, and kept there during her ride beside her.

Soon after dinner Gusty May found an opportunity of taking Sophie out to enjoy taking known invitation. His embarrassment under all the circumstances of which we are cognizant, you know, was very natural and necessary. Sophie Wide (I have to call her Sophie Wide) was not perhaps the person of all others to consult in such a case; but she, however, vaguely knew upon her mind that a little child might not be considered in the marriage ceremonies of a youth of nineteen with a girl of fifteen and a half—so she said decently that she would—Talk with Captain Wide."

Up sent Gusty, exclaiming—

"Talk with Captain Wide!" "talk with Captain Wide"—you! then it is! that's the tune! talk with Captain Wide! What's Captain Wide to do with it? I asked you, because she assisted you should be consulted, and you are her little mamma—because to me that you should appear unseemly elevated here to the throne. "Captain Wide! he's a great fellow, and he is! Captain Wide's stick's-end! I should just like to hear him object—just stand! Should be surprised though if he didn't. "Talk to Captain Wide!" oh! oh! calmly. She and "Talk to Sophie,' you say "Talk to Captain Wide,' and "talk' to Sophie, Rosamond—and while you are at 'talk'-ing, my prospect of getting a pair of white kid gloves grows."

"Read by degrees and beautifully too!" exclaimed Gusty, darting up and down the paces, and flinging his coat-tails about. "I was best under the impression that I knew I was to be always crossed in love! to be hammered into a pot or something by hard blows! I be hanged if I will. To be put to the rack for ever, and—and—what from me my self, Gusty! you shall not with all health shortly like true to the heart in love! No, I be hanged if I will. Cast me into the furnace and see if I don't turn out to be gunpowder and blow some body up! or spin-gle, and of some use on fire! she's all!" and blowing, he sat down.

"Look here, my dear Gusty," said our bride, "don't talk nonsense. You have a long leave of absence—don't go with us Next. You indeed have the best excuse; you may be said to be in duty bound to go on our procession, and in that capacity you must constantly attend Rosalie, and who knows, you may be appointed to our ship—the set of officers is not yet complete."

"So I may! oh, God bless you, Sophie; it that just goe to think of that! though you may say I am useful as another, or as brilliant as Hagar—yet you are lenient, you are kind, the conjectures are more grander than order of them! anything that is under anybody happy. Say Gusty! I shall not leave it to 'she knows' and 'perhaps,' I shall beg invite to get me appointed to his ship, if he 'at—volence is he! I am going to hunt in the mean time consider me enlisted for that Northern hero's cruise," and off he went to seek Captain Wide.

I leave it to any gentleman or lady present whether it was in Captain Wide's power just that day to look rationally, sensibly, coolly, upon young lover's persons.

"Why, Gusty, my boy," he said, "you know very well that I have very little influence, however I will assert that in securing your appointment to my ship, and, Gusty, in the meantime come on with us and remain until you receive orders somewhere. Rosalie is a treasure, and if I had the power of bestowing her, I am not know to whom I could give her with so much pleasure as yourself. But you must wait, Gusty, for a year or two—you are both somewhat too young to think of the marriage yet a while."

"Why, uncle, that 'wait'-ing might be endurable if the time were passed with you all, and I only company of Rosalie, to be sure."

The arrangement was finally concluded. And Emily, who loved Rosalia, and pondered her above all others as a future daughter-in-law, readily consented to forego the society of her son for the present, merely saying—

"When you marry, if you ever marry Rosalie you must bring her home here and leave her with me while you are at sea, Gusty, and that is the only condition upon which I can consent to part with you, Gusty, for that term."

Of course Gusty consented and promised.

"And so, my little fawn-eyed darling is scarcely out of school, before she is betrothed—do you know the meaning of that word, my love? a contract begins, very seriously, the same afternoon as Rosalie accepted the hand of her lord. Rose dropped her blushing face in the lap of Sophie, and was silent. "Do you?—tell me, Rose."

"Dear Sophie; I feel rather not get married, only, you know, your Gusty, it would be a pity to hurt his feelings."

"You child !"

"But, Sophie, I am not—not betrothed, as you suppose—no, indeed, I gave no positive answer—and I could hear what you would have to say."

"You did not?" said Sophie, suddenly. "Oh then, my dear Rose, I beg—I entreat that you will lend yourself by no rash vows now or ever—you are heartwhole yet—wait—Gusty is going on with the war—you will not wish to go out to sea—and you will both find out whether you are fitted for each other. Will you promise me not to engage your hand now without my consent, Rose?"

"Dear Sophie, to be sure I will—I never once thought of doing otherwise."

This was pretty near for Rose, for her entire inclinations were uninterested in the matter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORMOSA AT PRESENT.—Formosa is at present recently detected arsenic, and proved two children had been poisoned after their bodies had been "sugared" interred. He said, "I give the evidence," with it to be circulated throughout the country, that poets have no effect in ensuring their rights of science. The roots of trees, as large as my little finger, had passed through the head and skeleton, and had followed the bones in all directions. Treating this skeleton of an infant as I did the other. I found arsenic in the bones, in the black mould under the head, and a great quantity in the black mould under the feet. I have never found arsenic in a body which was in a natural state. I mention this to correct the ridiculous notions which have gone abroad, owing to some sayings which have been attributed to the French chemists. Raspail, for instance, it reported to have said that he could produce arsenic from the legs of chairs; Orfila, that he could do so from the common coal. I have made experiments on hundreds of bodies of human beings and brutes, but have never discovered arsenic, unless it had been administered mechanically, or by a criminal purpose.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

ALL OUR CONTENTS ON THIS PAGE ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they be not not inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible people, who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it contains more reading matter. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reptiles.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers forwarding us paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it changed *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us should be particular to write the name of the County as well as the town in which they live.

Post Masters are requested to sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to our address when they can do so conveniently.

DIFFICULTY WITH FRANCE

We publish, in another part of our paper, an editorial from the "Washington Republic," containing a clear and concise account of the origin of the difficulty between the United States and the Minister.

It will be remembered that M. Possen has always borne the character of an ardent republican, and that his appointment by the Provisional Government was considered a compliment to the United States, we can but feel surprised at the unfriendly tone of his correspondence with us. We recently removed, and not contradicted, that a woman is at present in the Tuileries who is not of a rude or political differences. It is hinted that the French Minister attempted to introduce a lady into Washington society, who, although she may have been probably freely received at any European Court, could not be received in the United States—but we cannot believe that the Emperor would be likely to prove very fatal to either party—it would be more extraordinary, dangerous. It would be a matter of war and a war against commerce nearly exhaustive. For as to invade France, or France on, would be ridiculous.

Some of our contemporaries have exclaimed at the supposed insolence of the French Minister, between two such nations as the United States and France, but it is not probable that the Minister was in the habit of writing letters of a very friendly expression in the letters of M. Possen. But these expressions in themselves are trifling, and if the Minister be recalled, it will be only a matter of course, pointing a more acceptable one. Mr. Crampton was recalled from Washington at the request of Victoria—did not possess that character "a source of annoyance" which the Minister possesses in the minds. That M. Possen, indignant and excited on this account, allowed his indignation very improperly to manifest itself in the letter of which we complain, is probable enough.

But the difficulty with M. Possen, separately considered, is of no kind of consequence. Our Government had a perfect right to dismiss him, and France could not have taken, and probably would not have taken the least offence, if it had been done promptly. But the right of dismissal is one which has been repeatedly exercised by nations without giving rise to any difficulty or offence. Our own whose ambassador a diamond quietly appointing a more acceptable one. Mr. Crampton was recalled from Washington at the request of Mr. Madison; Mr. Bulwer, the English Ambassador, was recalled from Washington by Spain, and the present administration, while recently refusing to recall our Minister to Spain, at the request of the Spanish Government, stated explicitly that Spain could exercise of course her own pleasure relative to his tenure of office.

It is not therefore as a simple difficulty between France and the United States that the present question assumes at all a serious aspect. That it has assumed such an aspect, however, we decidedly believe, from the following causes.

Our Government, desirous of acting with perfect friendliness and courtesy towards France, instead of dismissing M. Possen at once upon receipt of the offensive note, ordered that he be told by the whole correspondence before the French Government, and that he be told by the whole correspondence before the French Government might, by recalling M. Possen, or making suitable explanations, tender his own friendly interposition. But Mr. Dayton, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, after a delay of a somewhat longer period than so serious a matter should have occasioned, returned a very courteous, wrote to Mr. Rusk relative to the affair in a manner which has offended more than that of M. Possen.

These sentiments of reciprocal confidence being of a nature to excite and provoke, artificially, the passions of private interests, those susceptibilities and misunderstandings which are the natural consequences of them, we have seen with as much astonishment as sorrow the cordial relations which existed between the two countries suddenly changed between our Envoy and Mr. Clayton the Secretary of State, by a letter of the latter, in which you have written me to call my attention to the fact, that the Government of France, to which I am here, I had been painfully impressed to find in that correspondence a tone of severity and harshness very little conformable to the friendly relations which subsist between the two countries; a tone, *without entering into useless recriminations, which I am bound to say, is not usual in the diplomatic proceedings, it had appeared to me that this characteristic* of the letter of Mr. Clayton, was not to be mistaken.

Mr. Possen, in his letter, complained that some expressions which had been used by the Secretary of State, believed he saw in the letter of Mr. Clayton, were offensive to him, and manifested his resentment with too much spirit; but in this he was guilty of no offence. The letter may have hurt Mr. Clayton, it seems to me that it is not right for him to take upon himself the part of a censor of the manner in which the Minister of a nation has seen fit to express his sentiments in the correspondence sent in explaining from accredited to his own Government. The proper course for Mr. Clayton to have taken in the letter of Mr. Possen, would have been to have transmitted to the President, with the correspondence, a statement of the reasons which had induced the Minister to express himself in the manner which he had done. But the reasons in this—the reasons which, in the opinion of Mr. Clayton, might have seemed to be rather an improper manner of expressing himself, were not given, and consequently the President was not informed of them. He could not, therefore, be expected to form any opinion upon them. Let it be remembered, also, that the dignity of the American Government demanded.

What course will the French Government take? Every thing may be said now to depend upon France. How cause M. De Tocqueville, in the first place, to write a letter that he could have known would be considered highly offensive? M. Dayton, in the second place, to write a letter that was not an equitable one at all—the mind, to judge from his writings, is such of the undispensed King Louis Philippe, and the Minister of France to the United States as their enemy, to lessen the moral influence of the great American Republic in the old world?

If Louis Napoleon looks to a Presidency for life, he will undoubtedly be willing to make peace at any price with this country. Every nation almost in the world has a Minister at Washington, and the United States, and the French especially cherish the reunion, which has been ever more favorable than a rupture, which shall lead the people of France to look with favor upon the people of the United States as their enemy, to lessen the moral influence of the great American Republic in the old world.

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THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Foreign News still continues unfavorable. Switzerland is threatened with the fate of Hungary. Austria is the tragical decision that the Emperor cannot be considered as long as Switzerland remains, not only a Republic, but, as it is, the refuge of the exiles of Hungary, Italy, France, Germany and Austria here, it is probable, continued into a bigger fight. If France and England manifest the same apathy as they have hitherto manifested, there is no probability of a last—either her independence of action will be taken away from her, or perhaps she will be compelled to surrender her existence as a nation.

The accounts from Hungary confirm the statement that the Austrians have entered Transylvania—though his three children and their governess, with the wife of General Gagern, remain in Switzerland. Kossuth has addressed to Kossuth's wife—we know not whether to hope she has escaped the fate of her husband, or to regret that she has not. It remains to be seen whether the Austrians will be content with the mere subjugation, or with the abhorrence of all noble-minded men, by seeking to wound the heart of Kossuth through the tender feelings of his wife.

Also for human nature! there is too much reason to fear that Gorgey is the Benedict Arnold of Hungary, and that the Austrians will be content with nothing less than the head of Kossuth. Gorgey is at the head of the Austrian army, and *he declares that he will not consent to any terms which do not include the head of Kossuth.* Gorgey is a traitor, *perfidious and faithless to his country, and I hope, to his God.*

On the 11th, Kossuth had written to Count Batthyany, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, as follows:

The apprehensions I stated to you at Szegedin, on June 23rd, have been realized. Gorgey, the traitor of the Republic, has invaded the Austrian army, and has betrayed the Hungarian nation to the Austrians. Hungary is now in the hands of the Austrians and Russians. Nothing remains to me but to die. I therefore resign my power into the hands of the Diet, and appoint Gorgey as my successor.

I will not protest against this violence, for I am powerless. I will not appeal to the nations, for they are too much enslaved to help me. I will not appeal to the army, for it is betrayed. I will not appeal to the Diet, for it is powerless. I will not appeal to the people, for they are too much crushed. I will not appeal to God, for he has already decided against us. I will not appeal to the future, for it belongs to tyranny. I will not appeal to posterity, for posterity will be unjust to me. I will not appeal to the present, for it is unjust to me. I will not appeal to the present, for it is unjust to me. I will not appeal to the present, for it is unjust to me.

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HOW IT WAS.

A Washington letter in the New York Herald, gives the following account of the origin of the difficulty with the French Minister:

Soon after the inauguration of General Taylor, it may be remembered that a grand entertainment was given by the Foreign Ministers at Washington. In getting up this entertainment, Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State, and members of the Cabinet were called into the counsels of the Foreign Ministers, and the latter, in order to secure the presence of the ladies, should be invited to the entertainment. It appears that M. de Tocqueville, the French Ambassador, M. Poussin, the Minister of Spain, and the Minister of the Netherlands, were the only Foreign Ministers who objected to the presence of ladies. This was a preliminary step in the matter, and was considered unimportant. The entertainment came off, and passed off splendidly. Mrs. Alex. Dallas, the second wife of the President, the Minister presenting his lady to the President, and the President presenting his lady to the Minister

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

AN OMISSION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor —In "Denominational Statistics," published not long since, in the Post, and extracted from a Presbyterian paper, I notice that the denomination to which I belong, and in which I am a minister, is entirely omitted, unintentionally, perhaps. It is that of the "Reformers," or "Campbellites," as we are generally termed.

We are frequently classed among the *Baptists*, but we are no more of that large and respectable denomination than we are Episcopalians, Methodists, or Presbyterians. It is true that there is a greater affinity between the Baptists and ourselves, than between us and other Protestant denominations; but we differ from them entirely on the *design* of baptism, as well as differ from them in some other matters. We number, probably, about *two hundred and fifty thousand*. We are sometimes called "Christians," or "Disciples of Christ;" not from *invidiousness*, or because we believe we are the only Christians, (for we recognize many pious worshippers of God in all denominations,) but because we regard it as the only name of the primitive Christians, and therefore, as a denominational name, best suited to express our views.

Very respectfully,

JOHN K. HOWARD.

☞ Mr. Campbell was originally a Presbyterian Scotland, and not at Edinburgh; and is President of Bethany College, Virginia.—Ed. Post.

Mr. Campbell was unfortunately thrown from his carriage recently, and severely injured. He is recovered by his friends from Rev. Mr. Robinson, are, I understand, to be appropriated to feed the starving in Ireland.—Ed. Post.

NOVEL DISCIPLINE.

The following curious account is from the *Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury*:

RETORT OF THE CHURCH.—On the 6th of August last, the Rev. Richard Chapman, Chaplain of Coventry Gaol, visited Mary Ball, aged 21 years, sentenced to death for *murder*, and, in the presence of the warders, is said to have told her that she would *ever* a lighted candle till it was burned out little, and that when it was extinguished her soul would be required of her. Such an atrocious outrage.

The above very atrocious, no doubt; and yet we could not help being amused, on first reading it, at the very pertinent mode of "appealing to a sinner's *feelings*."

THE ODD FELLOWS.

At the twenty-first annual meeting of the Lodges of the United States, the difficulty in the Order in New York was settled by legalizing the new Constitution of the Grand Lodge and the Subordinate Lodges in New York; the old Lodge to be the Lodge of Southern New York. The Grand Lodge of Louisiana was chosen of the two United States Judicial Districts into which the State was divided. The above arrangement was adopted by a vote of 19 to 13.

The following statistics, taken from the report of James L. Reigely, Esq., the Grand Secretary, will show the influence of the Order:

Whole number of Lodges under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, 1,717; the increase during the year, 79; the number of Past Grands, 13,514; Past Grand Masters, 195; the increase of Subordinate Lodges, 1,538; 382 37; contributing members, 133,101; number of brothers relieved, 19,031; number of widows and families relieved, 1,087; number of brothers buried, 1,096; amount paid for relief of brothers, $475,114.50; amount paid for relief of widows and families, $46,720.25; amount paid for burying the dead, $59,743.75. Total amount of relief, $580,943.87.

THE BUTLER DIVORCE CASE.

A final decree in the case was granted on Saturday last, by the Court of Common Pleas. The Agency case of Butler, Executor, vs. Butler, Executor, et al, a decree was decreed dissolving the bonds of matrimony between himself and his wife, Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler.

National Affairs.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH THE FRENCH MINISTER.

We copy from the "*Washington Republic*," which is generally supposed to speak the views of the present administration, the following account of the difficulties which have arisen between the French Minister and the United States:—

THE FRENCH MINISTER AND THE UNITED STATES.

In consequence of the rumors and statements that have gone abroad, in relation to the recent difficulty between Mr. Poussin and the Government of the United States, the latter has thought to present a narration of facts that might otherwise be misrepresented, and which will enable the public to come to a correct conclusion in the circumstances which we state entirely of the correctness of the statements we make, and the cause. Every nation as at liberty to frame any municipal regulations it may deem necessary for the preservation of anything which is offensive to its people, and which is calculated to create a state of war to the sole judge. No nation has ever undertaken to dictate to another what it shall or shall not formally act. The apprehensions, therefore, which seem to have prevailed on this subject are entirely groundless, and we submit whether action on the part of the United States was not justified under the circumstances which exist between her and the Government of France.

On the 7th day of February last, Mr. Poussin, in a note to Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, alleged that the action of the French Government with the prosecution of a claim against the Government of the United States, had been brought by a Frenchman named A. Pati, established in Mexico, for property alleged to have been captured by him from the acts of certain agents of the navy of United States, during the war which was in the nature of an appeal from the sentence on a Mexican court of prize, and that the claim was made a domestic subordinate to the claim.

No answer was sent by Mr. Buchanan to this communication. When it was brought to the attention of the present Secretary of State, Mr. Clayton promptly devoted himself to its investigation, with a view of gratifying the French Minister as speedily as possible. Within ten days from the time of Mr. Poussin's note, he had arrived at the conclusion that the claim could not be entertained, and with the consent of the President, he prepared a reply. This award, we may add, which rejected Mr. Pati's claim, was prepared by Mr. Buchanan and approved by General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief.

Dissatisfied with this decision, Mr. Poussin, on the 15th of March, addressed a note to the Secretary of State, in which he reviewed the supposed grounds of the decision, and concluded with a remonstrance against the dismissal of a distinguished officer of the diplomatic corps, who had for years been a welcome visitor to the court at Paris. It is proper to state that at this point Mr. Clayton had declined any further correspondence on the subject; but, at the request, on the 17th of March, he replied to Mr. Poussin's communication, assigning the reasons why he declined any further correspondence touching the decision of the Minister. On the 19th of March, Mr. Clayton received a note from Mr. Poussin, in which the Minister indulged in a strain of invective, evidently intended to give offensive tone to the American Government. The correspondence was immediately submitted by the Secretary of State to the President, who directed him to lose no time in requesting M. Poussin to withdraw from the United States Government. The offensive note was dated at Washington, while Mr. Clayton was absent at Dover, a few weeks of two hundred miles distant from the city. During the time he was absent, Mr. Poussin was informed, deliberately given in the very Capital of the United States, which, if not intended as a vaglance or rebuked, would have required that all intercourse between the two Governments should cease without delay, it was made important to him to withdraw from the country. The note was written in original in Washington, and the substance of its passage was the following:—*The Government of the United States refused my claim on the 7th of July, favorable to myself, fairly, a fair sentiment during one, under the pretext that it was not in accordance to my interest by endeavoring to found the character of an honest man. I have been a minister here for 18 years, upon a high military officer, charging him, in effect with having behaved in the most cowardly manner, and as others upon the distinguished officers composing the corps of which I am the chief, without having that officer's to carry out, without attempting him, his being of a character, and, in connection with an insinuation that the State Department had favored the cause of a criminal against a man, without proof, against Mr. Pati.*

It was in consequence of this communication, that on the 23d of April Mr. Clayton addressed Mr. Poussin the following note:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, April 21, 1848.

Sir—On the afternoon of the 19th instant, a communication from you, dated Washington, April —, 1848, (without observing the day on which it was written,) was received at this office, relative to the claim of Mr. Pati on the Government of the United States, and having put last occasion to address you in private note, I must through the messenger who was despatched last night to your residence, that you have been, for the last two years, a resident of the city of Washington, and the period of your return hither from New York was quite unnoticed.

Under these circumstances, after a perusal of your note, which was laid before me this morning, I see not a moment in requiring you to repair to this city without unnecessary delay.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Mr. WILLIAM TELL POUSSIN.

In the interview between Mr. Clayton and Mr. Poussin which followed this note, the latter gentleman was informed that his letter was highly offensive, and contained language which our Government could not submit, and that unless he omitted to withdraw the offensive words on the following day refused to receive it. Mr. Poussin declined to withdraw. Anxious to maintain friendly relations with the Minister, the President here permitted the matter to drop, and the correspondence with regard to the claim of Mr. Pati terminated. It was hoped that there would be no further cause of complaint.

On the 27th day of May, however, Mr. Poussin, in a diplomatic note, communicated to the State Department that Mr. Carpenter, the commander of the French American steamer Jason, had been subject to the assaultings of the French ship Eugenie, of Harve, which had attacked the brig of Rice, near the anchorage of Anton Lizardo, almost clandestinely, consequently, on account of communication for his services, and, in no one their acquittal, declared the Eugenie free of these charges. Before response of the energetic remonstrance of M. Lavalette and the honorable intervention of the Consul of the United States at Vera Cruz, Commander Carpenter was acquitted from the charges, and Mr. Poussin proceeded to say that the Government of France had, in consequence, ordered him to address to Mr. Clayton the most energetic reparations on the abuse of authority committed by this officer, in the person of his ship Eugenie." He concluded his note with the following remark: "I am under the impression, Mr. Secretary of State, how important it is that every occurrence should not be regarded, and that every blame, at least, should be laid on those who have committed themselves by a manifest act of arbitrary measures for justice; and I doubt not that your sentiments will give expression to the just complaints of the French Republic." This note, accompanied as it was by any testimony to justify the charge against Commander Carpenter, was promptly returned to the Minister of France, for the purpose of ascertaining the facts on which his communication was founded.

On the 30th of May, the Secretary of the Navy, in response to the call of the President, sent in evidence in his possession, which, in addition to the testimony of Commander Carpenter, had been collected on the 29th of May, and on the 30th of May, the

Selected Poetry.

THE CHURCH-YARD STILE.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

I left thee young and gay, Mary,
When last the time we met;
I went upon my way, Mary,
And all the world enjoyed bright;
For though my love had never been told,
Yet, yet, I was my first love.
Bessie Lea, in the midnight watch,
Adorn me, in the stone,
And many a blushful dream I had,
That brought thy gentle countenance to me,
Just as it came when last we kissed
Upon the church-yard stile.

I'm here to-night once more, Mary,
As all I love the best,
To fondly call thee dear, Mary,
I've laid thee in my breast;
I come to yield thee up my heart,
With hope, and vows and joy,
And crown with sisterhood's warm faith
The feelings of the boy;
I thought to name no bond, my every pulse
Grew still and cold the while,
For I was told thou were wooed
Just by the church-yard stile.

My sometime dearest no leave, Mary,
Upon the stubby hill,
But the flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
Have power to touch my lip;
I felt no thrill of meeting fear
Amid the warm sunshine,
But pain and wash I trouble have,
Upon the cannot tell;
I came to meet thy happy face,
And view thy glowsome smile,
And only find thy resting place
Close by the church-yard stile.

Oh! years may pass away, Mary,
And sorrow lose its sting,
For Time is kind, they say, Mary,
And Care with healthful wing
The world may smile me if it will,
And hope may have new birth,
But I shall not look to find my love
Upon the earth;
May link me to the earth;
But memory, living in the heart,
Shall treasure up thy smile,
That smiled me back to find my grave,
Close to the church-yard stile.

Sketches of Travel.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

THE DEFILES OF EDOM, OR PETRA.

BY THE REV. J. P. DURBIN, D. D.

On the morning of February the 17th, 1845, we found ourselves at the foot of Mount Hor, or, as the Arabs call it to this day, Gebel Haroun, i. e., Mount of Aaron. In this park was reserved for a small white building, surrounded by a dome-top. This is the tomb of Aaron. We immediately commenced the ascent, crossing small green valleys, converged in the sides of the mountain, and clambering up rugged terrace walls, which once supported the soil, and rendered the declivities fruitful. The scene was wild and desolate, and the view from the dome of Aaron's tomb was a full reward for the toil of the ascent. Near, on the West, lay the El-Arabah, like the bed of a vast river, encumbered with shoals of sand, and sprinkled over with stunted shrubs; beyond rose parallel the desert in which Israel wandered thirty-eight years, and the white mist revealed to the North were seen the mountains of the Promised Land, upon which Aaron cast his last looks as he died on this spot; to the South, the Arabah stretched away to the Red Sea, where Israel turned to the East and North to compass the land of Edom;" close at hand on the East, a magnificent range of palace mountains bounded the view between which, and the mount on which we stood, and directly under our eyes, lay unveiled in the rocks the once fair city of Petra. As we gazed on this impressive panorama, we were startled by the report of a gun, the reverberations of which among the mountains were surprisingly loud and long continued. The cautious echoes seemed to be the voices of past events become audible again. After an interval of a thousand years. Let us descend into the city of Petra, and amid her desolate palaces, crumbling arches, and tenantless tombs, listen to those voices of the past.

Having no guide, we descended on the Eastern side of the mountain, and rising at about 4,000 feet, gay, and sometimes dangerous. Arriving at its base, we turned to the North-East, and entered upon the plain of Aaron, a narrow district of soft gray sandstone, extending from the foot of Mount Hor to the city of Petra. Here the traveller began to find himself among her rifled tombs and fallen columns. Crossing the crest of a low ridge, suddenly Wady Musa, or the Valley of Moses, opens on the astonished vision, covered with the remains of temples, triumphal arches, and dwellings, and enclosed by mural mountains, whose faces are hewn into a thousand architectural forms, and pierced by a thousand portals, which lead to chambers once rented for the dead, but dwelt the living. Not a sign of life is now visible, and one involuntarily exclaims — *How has the great city become desolate!* Let us pitch our tent on the bank of the little brook, in the area of the proud forum whose columns have fallen into the water; and let us contemplate the ruiniest of this City of Petra, i. e., City of the Rock.

From time immemorial the source of commercial wealth has been in the East, in India and Arabia. The countries to be supplied lay around the Mediterranean, and in latter times, in the West of Europe. Between these vast sources of wealth in the East, and the countries to be supplied in the West, lay wide and dangerous deserts, stretching from the banks of the Euphrates to the confines of Egypt. The great commercial problem was to form safe and speedy communications between the East and the West, and the people who had the carrying trade, was likely to be greatly enriched thereby. The solution of this commercial problem gave rise to powerful cities, powerful kingdoms, complicated political combinations, and great vicissitudes among nations. So early as the days of Solomon, a commercial depot was established in the desert, four days East of Damascus, which was called by Scripture, "Tadmor in the Desert," and is known in Greek and Roman history as Palmyra. The magnificent remains of this there attest its grandeur. At this point the caravans from the East met the caravans from the West, and exchanged products.

The long and dangerous desert journey from the banks of the Euphrates to the coast of the Mediterranean, led Solomon and the Phœnicians to erect a more eligible road, by way of the Eastern arm of the Red Sea; and they built fleets at Ezion-Geber to send to Ophir (or the South countries) for gold, and other precious merchandise. But the difficulty of the navigation, and the unskillfulness of the sailors, caused the loss of the ships; and with their destruction, commerce sought a new and more South-Western channel from the East to the West. The city of Berenice was built on the Athenic shore of the Red Sea, nearly opposite the entrances of the Nile; and Leon the Great built the East, entering through Babelmandel, subdued their business, and for centuries made, dependent opposite Berenice on the Arabian coast, were formed ever, and the whole transported to the banks of the Nile by camels, in those days an un-embanked, and next down that river to Alexandria, and thence distributed around the Mediterranean. But by this route it touched the Mediterranean too far to the supply Egypt, which continued to be supplied partly through Palmyra.

The supply, therefore, of the populous and very rich country lying between Egypt and Damascus was still an object of vast importance, and of no little difficulty; as a fruitful source of its prosperity it and the East. But to that desert, to the South and of the Dead Sea, by the rugged and barren Eastern country of Idumea, of the most extent, but the highest portion of it abounding in springs and good soil. This portion is properly Mount Seir, or the Edom of Scripture, given to Esau, the so-Lasser. And around Mount Seir were the immediate or standard tribes, descended from Nahaseth, east of the sons of Ishmael, and known in history as Nabatheans. Resting from the banks of the Euphrates to the Nile, with their herds of cattle and camels, they naturally became the carriers between Arabia and Syria. But the route was too long and dangerous to be conducted with and a long haul; and when the trade became large, an entrepot city was necessary. It was requisite that this city should be near the direct caravan road from Arabia to Syria, and that it should occupy a strong position, in case the rich and vast treasures deposited on it for exchange might be safe from the incursions of the powerful tribes of the adjacent deserts. Such a spot for this entrepot city was found in the Eastern base of Mount Hor, on the utmost easterly habitable limit in the summit of Mount Seir. Besides, this geographical position was a remarkable one, since it was the merchandise could pass Northward along the Eastern borders of the Jordan, by Damascus and the Lebanons; Northward, also, along the Western side of the Dead Sea, to Jerusalem; and Southward West of this to Gaza, and thence by ships to Egypt and Sudan, the great maritime cities which distributed it through the Mediterranean. As the Nabatheans were the carriers of this trade, they became rich and powerful, and possessed the mountains of Mount Seir, either by forming alliances with the Edomites, and gradually absorbing them, or by conquest. Here, at the very summit of the mountain range, in a small valley, almost inaccessible by nature of the sacred precipices which enclose it on all sides, they established their great commercial exchange between Arabia and Syria. From the position of the city, surrounded by the prepared fortifications of natural rock-cliffs, it was called "Sela" in Scripture, and "Petra" in Greek, both meaning rock. The rule of Almighty was the "decline of Petra;" and the commercial ascendancy of the former was the downfall of the latter. Her trade was drawn away to the banks of the Nile, her caravans became idle, and her children again returned to their early shepherd life in the desert; and she is left without inhabitants. Her splendid monuments, her temples, palaces, and her crumbling arches attest her former prosperity and power.

Almost every country has some striking natural feature peculiar to it. That which distinguishes Edom are her defiles; which connect one valley with another, or the adjacent desert with the mountain plains. In process of time these mountain ranges became a complicated system of natural fortifications, difficult to be comprehended by an invader, and must have been easily defended by the inhabitants. The natural access to Petra is a chasm in the mountains, which extends from the on the East, formed by a transverse rent; the walls on either side are perpendicular, and occasionally overhang the gorge. In some places it is not more than 30 feet wide, in others fifty. In others sixty. About a mile from the city, near the head of the chasm, where it opens out towards the Eastern desert, it is separated by a dam built, supported by columns, between which are niches, once adorned with statues. Here entered the city by this ride or chasm.

The approach to the rock from the head of the dell is wild and impressive. The red sand-stone cliffs are pierced with doors leading to tombs, or into halls in the rock which seemed to be excavated to the grander mansions, or shaped into pyramids or towers, which rise above the cornice. The portion of the arch gracefully spans the chasm at a height of seventy feet, rendering the impression that it was not a bridge for convenience, nor a monument of triumph; but simply an ornamental portal to the city. Passing the arch, the chasm becomes deeper; the walls rising from two hundred to three hundred feet perpendicularly, the tombs become grander, and the colonnades and other flowering shrubs more luxuriant and ornamental. The floor of the chasm is covered with fine sand, with stone water, and let into the rock, on either side, is a small aqueduct, which once conveyed water to the public baths of the city. On the right and on the left are numerous flights of steps cut in the rock, and leading to retired groups of tombs hid in the deep dells and bold cliffs of the mountain. Proceeding further the way opens a little more, and suddenly to a bold cliff some two hundred feet high, which crossed the line of the chasm, and turned it short to the right. At first this seemed like a magnificent building, rising from the gorge, but a second view showed it to be the face of the mountain cut into a most beautiful architectural front. The effect of this monolithic temple is indescribable.

At that point the chasm turns short to the right, widens and deepens; and the sides are hewn into lofty and more beautiful colonnade has fallen across into the brook. Every part of it was cut out of the solid rock. Within a few steps of the entrance the chasm issues from the mountain into an open valley, and the view is grand and striking. On the left beautifully variegated sandstone. Here was the city of Petra, as the Rock City. The whole area of the valley is covered with the ruins of public and private buildings, of which only two or three remain standing. On a transverse line with us, near a palace or an very great extent.

Standing in the valley, and looking on the margin of its little brook, the sight is unique and grand, but more impressive than grand. The valley is filled with ruins, and the mountains are full of fine architectural fronts of what seems to be public edifices, and of tombs of those times of wealth. The bright and varied colors of the mountains are extremely beautiful under a clear sky, and much heightens the general effect. From this valley many flights of steps cut in the rock lead to the different terraces of those very mountains. Indeed, mountains and hills in the whole district of Petra have been pierced for various uses, and into funeral monuments. And yet, at this date, not a single vestige is discovered of the countless multitudes that were laid to rest there. Not even what a commingling of races, as the style of architecture in these sepulchres does. The Egyptian, the Nabathean, the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman, all contributed to the splendor of this desert.

It is difficult to estimate the population when the city was full. Intelligent travellers have set it down at 75,000 to 80,000. But they do not appear to have taken into consideration the vast space they ward, over the Plains of Aaron, nor the suburbs lying to the south of the city, and encompassing on the one as at El Dor, and others, apparently more populous, mentioned by Laborde. If these be taken into the account, the population will amount to 200,000 to 70,000 inhabitants in the days of her power.

On the morning of the 22nd of February, we crossed over the Eastern arm of the Dead Sea, on to Jerusalem. As we wound round Mount Hor, about nine o'clock, we remembered that our coming from the window at which he had settled himself, and taking up the dumpish again. The Arabs were in motion, and his men were on the mouth of the huge battle.

"Now, my lord, and I'll vow it's not much to sing of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the stage-driver appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let him have the pap of water, he thought his stomach had settled."

"Antisomuil wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his face flushing, and a poisonous contempt overspreading his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, taking up the dumpish bottle. Jones passed and with the cork in it, and departing without observing the effect his apparently innocent question.

"Antisomuil wine!" fell again, but huskily from the lips of the host. "Wife! wife! you've been and dosing the lunatic. Sent, quick! Oh! How dreadfully sick I feel. Send for the Doctor, or I'll be a dead man in an hour."

"Antisomuil wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, in a voice more shrill and piercing than usual. "Do you feel very sick?"

"Sick, sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the Doctor instantly, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one way and then in another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her maple domestic, to run with all her might for the Doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones was dying.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of the stage-driver. Fortunately the Doctor was at office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard for the safety of his office would permit, armed with stomach-pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, gasping and retching terribly.

"Doctor, Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How do you happen? what have you taken?" inquired the Doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antisomuil wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor, and darted to the door. "Boy, run down to Mr. Smith's, and tell him to send me a dozen of the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of antisomuil, was then withdrawn, and the stomach-pump withdrawn.

"There!" said the Doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a dose was administered to the patient of good sweet oil, which soon found its way to the stomach, and passed down to take the place of what had been just removed.

"Now, my dear sir, how better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, who was lying with his head reclined on a pillow, that was covered with a chintzy perspiration. "Why, you are quite yourself. You may thank your constitution for your escape. Nature is hardy as she is good."

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will counteract the effect of the poison, and it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What shall I take to support me?"

"Some arrow-root, or sago, or tapioca, or something equally under the Doctor. "Mr. Smith, having finished his business in Lancaster, is now on his way home, and will be here in a few minutes, and will let him have a little brandy, if he thinks it necessary."

"Don't think of it," returned the Doctor. "Compose yourself. There is no danger to be apprehended from this."

The wild sight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith, having finished his business in Lancaster, was on his way home, and was about to start, when a man came up and said to him and the stage-keeper, in a mysterious manner,

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison."

"What?"

"Mr. Jones!"

"Yes. Another may be named low."

"Dreadful! I must see him."

And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his hostler, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones was at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, to a serious tone.

"A little better, I thank you. The Doctor has taken it off of his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The Doctor was still by his side.

"Ah, my friend!" said the sick man, in a feeble voice, to Mr. Smith, both too loud, "that antisomuil wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antisomuil wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding what his friend meant.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demijohn."

"That wasn't antisomuil wine."

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"No, sir; it was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antisomuil wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Is that antisomuil wine?"

"No."

"Why the hey said it was."

"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor then came forward, and felt the sick man's pulse.

"Well, I never!"

Then came a pause, during which one looked at the other doubtingly.

"Gentlemen," said the Doctor, and went down stairs.

"So, you have been drinking my wine, it seems," said Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach-pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, both into white and red by the color rush beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again dawning from the shock of consternation. "But don't say anything about it. Don't let the world—"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he under the influence of fear.

"What is that?"

"You must purchase a toetotaller."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones.

"Then I can't promise."

"Will you, if I ever do make up my mind?"

"Very well. And now good-by; the sun is nearly down, and I will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Mr. Jones, who had by this time got into a mind to join the teetotallers, the story of his taking of wine by mistake for toll got out, and for a year or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

A GENUINE HOST.—A country person who put out never permitted any of his guests to depart after entering the church one Sabbath morning, not even for the most worthy of his flock, but invited him to dinner.

"Now, my friend," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin.

Dominie put it into his pocket, and preached his best sermon. Dinner was now the order of the occasion drew, there beats a heart whose every pulsation is open to truth, and whose sympathies gush forth in long-lasting streams for humanity. Yet they have swept the entire circle of human heart-chords. Suppose him worthy. Suppose him the rarest gem that ever flashed from the diadem of Heaven. Suppose him the brightest star that ever rolled in the blue heavens. Yet, amid the fact that some flatter and cracked in her heart, and that the fire of love in the throbbing of Lord Tittlefire, so what Campbell said to her at the time was worthy of his lordship, and so to Harrisson with Wordsworth and Sir Thomas Lawrence, about the relative merits of poetry and painting, which Lady Emily found, and after passing Fremch the day she died with Ladysette,—she was the only one who ever knew that great secret. Certain dress